

Bad Religion - Pride And The Pallor

Tom: G
Intro: G D E C
G D G

Verso:
G D E
C
Papa had a wife and kids he kept them on a leash and he bid them all to do his every deed.
G D E
C
When he was a kid he was treated just the same so he hid his feelings from his family.

D G D E
D
Lost as an island out at sea, resistant to the gentle waves of empathy.

Refrão:
C D E
Papa and his family always on parade.
C D E
Tearing through the turnstiles, a weekender's charade.
G D C D E
But time will tell, as their world crumbles to hell.

D
What they created was a
C E
was a family story no one will tell.
C E
It's a photo album too terrible. But the
C D G Gb E C D
pride and the pallor continue to swell, as the matron silently prays.

(D)

Verso:
Junior resented the tradition they upheld and it ate him up inside most every day.
Silence was golden and they kept him to his word. So bewildered when he finally ran away.
Oh, obligations never cease. Oblivious of the ways to give his soul some peace, yeah.

Refrão:
Papa and his family always on parade.
Tearing through the turnstiles, a weekender's charade.
But time will tell, as their world crumbles to hell.
What they created
was a family story no one will tell.
It's a photo album too terrible. But the
pride and the pallor continue to swell, as the matron silently prays.

G D E

"Get me out of here, someones got to save the day.?
C D E
The children are reminded to do it for the daddy's sake.
B E C D
And happiness is ever so far, far away.

Solo: G D E C
G D E C

1:56
E|-----|
-----|
B|--15--15-15-15---15-----|
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G|--14b-----14b---r14-12-h14---12-12-
-11h12-11h12-12-14p12---12-12p11-11h12p11\9--11h12\9-7~|
D|-----12-----|
-----|
A|-----|
-----|
E|-----|
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2:06

2:08 2:11
E|-----|
-----|
B|-----|
-----5-----|
G|--/9-9-9-7--7h9-9-9-7-----|
-4--7--/9-9-9-9\7---/4---b4-4p2-|
D|-----9---9p7-9p7p5-7h9p7p5--7-9p7\5-
-5-7-5~-----|
A|-----|
-----|
E|-----|
-----|
" ...empty yeah"

D G D E
D Yeah, lost as an island out at sea. Resistant to the gentle waves of empathy.
C D E
Papa and his family always on parade.
C D E
Tearing through the turnstiles, a weekender's charade:
C D E
It's just a sick calamity that fatherhood made,
G D C D E
but time will tell, as their world crumbles to hell.
D
What they created
C D G Gb E
was a family story no one will tell.
C D G Gb E
It's a photo album too terrible.
C D G Gb E C
D E
But the pride and the pallor continue to swell, as the matron silently prays.

Acordes

